PR 5021
.M63 M3
Copy 1

TURNER'S AMERICAN STAGE.

MAZEPPA;

OR, THE

WILD HORSE OF TARTARY!

A ROMANTIC DRAMA,

IN THREE ACTS,

DRAMATIZED FROM LORD BYRON'S POEM,

By H. M. MILNER,

And adapted to the Stage under the direction of

MR. DUCROW.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY,

With a Description of the Costume, Cast of Characters, and the whole of the Stage Business,

AS NOW PERFORMED IN THE

LONDON AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

PHILADELPHIA:
TURNER & SON, 244 RACE STREET;
AND
R. H. LENFESTEY, 98 NORTH SIXTH STREET.
And sold at all the principal Dramatic Repositories in America.

PR5021
.M63M3

Lord Byron is a great and an original genius; he has a depth of thought and a force of expression that are truly admirable. In aiming at too much conciseness, he is often harsh and obscure, while his artificial pauses, his rapid and sometimes unnatural transitions, give to his poetry an air of pedantry and affectation. Upon many occasions he is exquisitely simple and pathetic; his simile of the *Kashmeer Butterfly*, and that fine passage, "*He who hath bent him o'er the dead*," cannot easily be paralleled. But it is in "*Childe Harold*," (the greatest of all his works,) that the genius of Lord Byron shines most conspicuous—his lamentations over the ruins of Greece, his passionate exhortations to spare the last relics of her ancient grandeur, and his just and generous indignation against our modern vandal, for despoiling her of what the barbarians themselves held sacred, are the very soul of pathos and poetry. In proportion as we admire exalted genius, we lament its wanton prostitution: the mass of obscenity and profaneness which Lord Byron has bequeathed to posterity is now become a question between him and his Creator. He lived too long for his own fame—we cannot say "He should have died hereafter," unless (like *Lord Rochester*) it had been to leave on record his deep contrition for having poisoned the minds of future generations. The following character of Lord Byron as a poet, was written before he had inflicted upon the world that witty, but scandalously immoal work, "*Don Juan*;"—

> "The town is pleas'd when Byron will rehearse,
> And find a thousand beauties in his verse;
> So fix'd his fame, that write whate er he will,
> The patient public must admire it still;
> Yes,—though bereft of half his force and fire.
> They still must read—and, dozing, must admire;
> While you and I, who stick to common sense,
> To genius, taste, and wit, have no pretence,
> Throughout the whole we toil to understand
> Where'er we tread—'tis strange, 'tis foreign land;
> Nay, half the thoughts and language of the strain
> Require a g'ossary to make them plain.
> Beauties there are, which, candour bids me own,
> Atone for these—for more than these atone,
> Beauties which e'en the coldest must admire—
> Quick, high-wrought passion—true poetic fire—
> Bold energetic language—thoughts sublime—
> And all the artful cadences of rhyme."

The story of Mazeppa we learn from two sources—Votaire's History of Charles XII., and Ségur's '*Histoire des Kosaques*.'

Lord Byron has rendered it familiar to every reader of poetry —Mazeppa is introduced relating his romantic adventures to the royal Swede, after the Battle of Pultowa. The vanquished monarch, wounded and reclined at the foot of a tree, surrounded by his warriors, had singled out the brave Tartar and his steed as objects of peculiar admiration for their prowess in "pricking over flood or field," when Mazeppa, remembering the *school* in which he had acquired his skill in horsemanship, drops an expression that raises the curiosity of Charles, who puts to the "old Hettman" a question that produces the recital. Lord Byron confines his narrative to Mazeppa's intrigue with the beautiful young wife of a Polish count, the discovery of their amours, the revenge of the jealous husband, who sentences the Tartar to be lashed to the back of a wild horse, and left to his fate—the description of that perilous journey, his rescue by the Cossacks, and subsequent good fortune. All these are told in Byron's wonted strain of eloquence and passion. The story winds up with a versification of the ancient motto, "*nil desperandum.*"

Mazeppa has found his way to the stage, with the accompaniments of appropiate scenery, alternately savage and splendid; gallant knights and ladies fair; banquets, tournaments, and real horses. The story has been considerably varied and amplified, to bring these powerful auxiliaries into full play; and an imposing spectacle is the result. Olinska, daughter of the Castellan, is beloved by Mazeppa, who passes under the name of Cassimir. Her father has, however, provided a more substantial suitor, in the person of the Count Palatine; who, being too magificent a potentate to leave his palace and lay his coronet at her feet, until his proposals be duly accepted, despatches an envoy to propitiate her by proxy. The lady reluctantly consents—the diadem is placed on her head—she ascends the nuptial car, when the delighted Count, drawing aside the curtain, welcomes his beautiful intended, and in flattering terms explains the cause of his appearance, at once so unexbected and gallant. On the eve of the marriage, Mazeppa secretly enters the chamber of the Count, defies him to single combat—a battle ensues—the Count is wounded, Mazeppa retreats, an alarm is given, he is taken, and the Castellan determines to make him an example of signal vengeance. He orders the vile Tartar to be stripped, the fiery untamed steed is led forth, Mazeppa is fast bound to his back, Olinska implores pity for him, but in vain; and the wild horse, amidst

the glare of torches- savage shouts, and beacon-fires, is suddenly released. He dashes up mountains, down precipices fords rivers, devoting his unhappy rider to scorching suns, piercing blasts, devouring hunger, and parching thirst. Savage wolves follow in quick pursuit, and threaten to rend him piecemeal—and a vulture hovers over his head, impatient for its expected prey. After an accumulation of horrors, they reach Tartary. The affrighted peasants, beholding the wild horse, furiously pursuing its course, take it for the *Volpas*, which, according to a popular superstition, is a demon form that wirls across the wilds of Tartary, forboding death and desolation. A thunderbolt strikes a tree, which falls to the ground—at this moment the fiery steed sinks down exhausted—Mazeppa, apparently lifeless, extented on its body. Abder Khan, against whom a plot exists, headed by Thamer, a rebel chief, to drive him from his throne, enters, and beolds the wounded stranger. What signs and characters meet his sight! a miracle has been wrought! the jewelled star, the badge and emblem of the tribe—'tis Mazeppa, his lost son! This discovery is fatal to the scheme of Thamar, who (the Khan being old and childless) had aspired to the regal sway. His dagger must remove this obstacle to his anticipated greatness—he successively attemps the life of both father and son, but is foiled in his attemps. Mazeppa recovers—recognises his father, whom he has miraculously rescued from the dagger of the assassin, and is hailed King of Tartary. But he cannot be happy without Olinska—to Poland he must repair for his mistress, and his majesty resolves to accompany his son on his amorous crusade. Mazeppa remounts the wild horse, which, after his late *heat*, is surprisingly tame, and no longer the terror of grooms and rough-riders. Once the instrument of torture, it is now the messenger of vengeance. The warlike expedition moves off in triumph—reaches Poland, when the king, Mazeppa, and a faithful chief, disguised as Tartar peasants, repair to the palace of the Castellan, are engaged by Drolinski, an officious officer of the household, to perform sundry grotesque dances and dextrous feats, after the manner of their country, in celebration of the long-delayed nuptials between the Count Palatine (who has recovered from his wound) and Olinska, who is brought forth like a lamb to the slaughter, her heart being with the horse and his rider. The king contrives to wheedle Drolinsko (a huge feeder, a little fellow, and a great fool,) out of the keys of the great gates of the castle; and a chosen

band of warriors, who lie concealed in a neighbouring forest, are secretly introduced. The nuptial procession advances with due solemnity; a barbarous ballet is performed; when Mazeppa rushing forward, forbids the banns. *Who* is the daring intruder?—He throws off his disguise, proclaims his titles—the Poles and Tartars go at it pell-mell—Mazeppa wins his bride by force of arms, and the piece concludes amidst conflagration and rejoicings. This splendid drama was first produced at the Royal Amphitheatre, Westminster, under the management of Messrs. Ducrow and West, Easter, 1831; and is written by Mr. Milner, the author of Massaniello.

It is but common justice to remark how effectively every piece is got up at this theatre. The equestrian performances are without parallel in the annals of horsemanship; and the scenery and decorations may vie with the proudest metropolitan.

POLES.

THE CASTELLAN.—Rich dress of the reign of Louis XIV.:—A full-skirted tunic of dark blue cloth, superbly embroidered with gold —full trunks of the same, edged with lace,—russet boots—broad embroidered scarf—orange-coloured belt—high-crowned, broad brimmed hat—turned up in front, with brilliant rosette, and profusely trimmed with red feathers—yellow gauntlets.

PREMISLAS, COUNT PALATINE.—Similar dress, of light blue, embroidered with silver—white feathers—silk stockings—white shoes,

CASSIMER —(Mazeppa as the page.) White tunic, half full sleeve, puffed, slashed with crimson and black velvet, the tunic entirely trimmed with crimson and black velvet—white tight pantaloons—white shoes, with crimson rosettes—short mantillo worn over the left arm, of crimson cloth, trimmed with ermine—octagonal cap of crimson with hanging pouch.

KUDZOLOFF.—Green embroidered tunic, with scarlet mantillo—tight green pantaloons—black short boots—lancer's cap.

DROLINSKO —Tight vest of green cloth, trimmed with gold lace —enormously full breches of ditto—red stockings—black shoes—and rosettes

POLISH NOBLES.—Various coloured tunics, emoroidered, and trimmed with fur—mantillos, also trimmed with fur—tall chimney-pot caps, with pouches covered with yellow cloth, and embroidered and trimmed with fur—tight pantaloons, embroidered—boots.

FOR THE TOURNAMENT.—Knights in full and in half armour —Heralds, with heraldic coats—the Servants in tunics—Pages, exactly the same as Cassimer—the Pages of Premislas, similar, but the colours light blue and green, with white fur.

SOLDIERS.—Tunic-coats, trimmed with fur—tall chimney-pot hat, trimmed with ditto—modern arms.

OLINSKA.—First dress: A short Polish pelisse of green velvet superbly trimmed and embroidered with gold, and edged with white fur, over a short white dress—Polish octagonal cap, of the same, with hanging pouch. Second dress: A train-dress of white satin, embroidered, with deep trimming of fur—brilliant coronet, from which hangs a spacious veil.

AGATHA.—Old-fashioned dress—tight body—full skirt of slate-coloured cloth, trimmed with black velvet—white handkerchief over the neck—round cap of black velvet, coming with a point upon the forehead, and ornamented in the front with jewels.

ZEMILA.—Tight body of scarlet cloth, edged with black fur, and trimmed with black—yellow buttons—light blue shirt, with broad red stripe at bottom—blue stockings—square topped Polish cap of scarlet, edged with black fur—black tassels.

POLISH LADIES.—As Olinska's first dress, varying the colour.

TARTARS.

MAZEPPA —First dress: Black robe, entirely enveloping the person—black, helmet—black-red plume. Second dress: Flesh legs, arms, and body—short tight trunks—half-body of brown cloth. Third dress: White Turkish shirt and trowsers, embroidered and spangled—vest, with long tabs, of pale blue velvet, richly spangled and embroidered with silver—shawl-scarf of orange, embroidered and fringed with silver—red boots—full Tartar helmet—cap of gold, surmounted with

a diadem, and bird-of paradise Plumes. Fourth dress: Long plain Turkish robe bound round with a sash—plain turban.

ABDER KHAN.—First dress: Long shirt of white, hanging full, with embroidery at the bottom—green and gold vest, with long broad tabs of dark green velvet, richly embroidered in gold—very spacious flowing mantle of white cloth with a border of green and gold embroidery, and gold fringe—very large high turban of white, finished at bottom by a laurel wreath of green foil. Second dress: Same as Mazeppa's last dress.

THAMAR AND CHIEFS.—Vest and fly of black cloth, trimmed with red and gold—short full Turkish trunks of black and red stripe, taken up with gold studs—Tartar helmet-cap, with red crape hanging from it, over the shoulders—red scarf—red sandals—round shield of black, with gold edge and bosses.

ELDERS.—Long white robes and turbans.

KOSCAR, KADAC, AND SHEPHERDS.—Flesh legs and arms—sheepskin vests—short trunks—conical caps of the same.

OMEIZA AND SHEPHERDESSES.—Skirts of striped and various-coloured linens—capes of sheepskin—large conical hats covered with leaves, weeds, &c.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

POLES.

The Castellan of Lauvinski,.....Mr. Hart.
Premislas, Count Palatine,.....Mr. S. Foster.
Rudzloff, Chamberlain of the Household,....Mr. Lawrence.
Drolinsko.....Mr. Herring.
Officer,.....Mr. J. Smith.
Sentinel,.....Mr. Taylor.
Olinska, Daughter of the Castellan,.....Mrs. Pope.
Agatha, her Nurse,.....Mrs. Bradly.
Zemila,.....Mrs. Yates.
Knights, Officers, Guards, Heralds, Domestics, Ladies, &c.

TARTARS.

Abder Khan, King of Tartary,.....Mr. Comersal.
Mazeppa, his son, under the name of Cassimir Mr. Cartlitch.
Thamar, a conspiring Chieftain,.....Mr. S. Smith.
Zemba,.....Mr. Taylor.
Kadac, } *Tartar Shepherds*,.....{ Mr. Fillingham.
Koscar, } { Mr. W. West.
Elders of the People,.....{ Mr. Gough, Montgomery, and Yates
Oneiza,.....Mrs. J. Ducrow.
Sheperdess.....Mrs. Dawson.
Chieftains, Warriors, Priests, Shepherds, &c.

MAZEPPA.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*The Court-Yard of the Castle of Laurinski, bounded by the buildings of the castle, its moat, and adjacent lake.—it is approached by a series of drawbridges, over the moat and branches of the lake—in the back-ground, the distant country—castle gates,* L. 3rd. E.—*two large windows,* L. *the nearest of which has a practicable balcony,* L. S. E.—*the moon seen to set—lights are observable in the castle windows, which are gradually extinguished as the morning advances.*

A SENTINEL *discovered, pacing the drawbridge, which leads across from* R. *to* L.

Enter CASSIMER, *cautiously,* R. U. E. *and crossing to the window,* L. S. E.

Cas. [*Calling softly.*] Olinska.

Sen. [*Halting on the drawbridge,* C.] Ha! who goes there?—No answer? [*Cassimer conceals himself behind a buttress,* L.] By the uncertain glimpses of the moon, I can distinguish no one—all is silent—it could have been but the wind sighing among these ancient battlements; whistling along them, as it does through my ribs, which (by the time they keep me on the watch) I suppose they think as tough and as weather-proof as the walls themselves. I shall take the liberty of making free with the porter's fire, in the hall, for a few moments.

[*Music.--Exit into the portal,* L. U. E

Cas. [*Advancing from the buttress.*] Olinska! dear Olinska! ere yet the envious daylight robs my soul of this sweet privilege, of drinking from thine eyes deep draughts of the bright liquid fire, which, as from twin stars of love, streams through my enraptured heart, appear, dear life! raise me to that throne of glory monarchs might envy me, Olinska's love.

[*Olinska appears in the balcony,* L. S. E.

Olin. Cassimer! thou here? Hence, hence! wert thou discovered, think how fearfully my father's wrath would fall on the clandestine suitor to his child.

Oas. What can Cassimer dread, ennobled and ewboldened by thy love?

Olin. It cannot be a worthy or a noble love, that thus, beneath the mask of night, must steal to lay its homage on the shrine.

Cas. Dost thou reproach my rash presumtion?

Olin. No; but my own unworthy cowardice. Cassimir, I will no more of this; no longer stoop to tremblingly conceal affections, in which my soul should glory: no! at my father's feet I will avow it all—will plead thy gallant services—thy exalted deeds—charge him, as he values my happiness or peace, to grant Olinska's hand where her fond heart is pledged, and gain a son who'll be an honour to his name.

Cas. To thee and to thy love I do commit me! but, rather than see thee sacrificed to another, or brook a rival in thy much-prized love,—

A thousand tyrant fathers I would brave
From all their wrath my lov'd Olinska save,
Or earn an early, but an honoured grave.

Olin. But see, the dawn advances; the moon has sunk behind yon hoary hills; the glimmering lights are one by one expiring; and the hum of busy menials speaks approaching day. Away, my love, away!

Cas. May all propitious powers smile down upon the pleadings of thy virtuous love, waft thy soft breathings deep to thy father's heart, and win him to our cause; then should thy doating Cassimir, in the broad blaze of day, boast of his bliss, and be all Poland's envy.

[*The drum of the guard is heard*—CASSIMER *climbs a buttress and passionately kisses* OLINSKA'S *hand, then effect his escape,* R. S. E.—*sound approaches.*

Re-enter SENTINEL, L. U. E., *on the drawbridge*—OLINSKA, *after watching* CASSIMER, *retires from the balcony.*

Enter a Patrol, R. U. E., *who crosses the drawbridge to* L. U. E., *and relieves the guard.*

Enter RUDZOLOF, DROLINSKO, *and other domestics, from the castle,* L. 3rd E.

Dro. (C.) Come; bustle, bustle, you lazy-pated varlets! Why, it's day! broad day!—and is not to-day to be a remarkable day—a glorious day—a day of festivity?—Is the nectot

to be a grand tournament?—are not all the neighbouring knights, ladies, esquires, and gentry invited?—Is not an envoy from the Count Palatine Premislas expected?—And an't I expected to take a leading part in all the games?

Rud. But what an odd freak of our Lord Castellan to choose such a day as this for the attempt to subdue the unbreakable, fiery, wild Tartarian horse, so long the terror of all our grooms and the executioner of so many rough-riders.

Enter CASSIMER, *softly*, R. 3*rd* E., *and listens at the back*, C.

Dro. Let the Castellan waste no more time, labour, nor life about him; but send the devil on all fours back to his native Tartary. I tell you what, godfather, there never was a native of that country, whether walking on one pair of legs or two, that ever came to any good by being in a better. Look, now, at that young Tartar fellow, Cassimir, picked up, as I have heard, in a wood, some eighteen years ago, after one of their barbarous incursions—

Rud. A living contradiction to your assertion; risen by his good qualities to be the favourite page, the idol of all the women, and the envy of all the men.

Dro. Not of all the men, godfather: for my part, I think his brother, the wild horse, the more amiable barbarian of the two. Let my lady beware, or she may find, too late, that she has caught a Tartar.

Cas. [*Rushing forward, and giving* DRO. *a violent slap on the shoulder.*] What says the slave?

Dro. [*Aside.*] By all that's terrible, the tarter has caught me.

Cas. No muttering, sirrah: you spoke of me.

Dro. (L.) Did I?—Well, then, I'm sure you must have been delighted to hear the complimentary things I said of you. You can't think how prodigiously we all shall regret (I speak of myself in particular,) that your duty must presently take you from us.

Cas. What means the slave?

Rud. Why, as you know that my Lady Olinska is going to be married to the Count Palatine Premislas, one of the richest and most powerful nobleman in Poland——

Cas. How said you? married, married to another?

Rud. Another! what other?—Why she never was married before, was she?

Dro. A despatch late last night, conveyed to the Castellan's chamber after he had retired—ay, ay, it's we folks of consequence in the establishment that come at the earliest intelligence—bless your heart, the envoy is expected to-day, to make the formal proposal to my lady.

Cas. Against this blow support me, heaven! She never will, she never shall be his!

Dro. Sha'nt she, though?—There, I think, you'll find yourself mistaken, young fellow; not that you need to put yourself into such a taking about it, for I dare say, as you are her favorite page, she will prevail on the Palatine to make you one of his esquires.

Cas. [*Seizing* Dro. *by the throat*, c.] Wretch! how dare you thus insult me?—But no, reptile, thou art not worth my anger. [*Rushes out*, R.

Dro. I thank you for appreciating me so justly. Godfather, mark my words, that man will never come to any good. Oh, that the Castellan would clap him on the back of his brother devil, the Tartarian horse, and send them off to Tartary, or Tartarius.

Rud. Tush, fool! the Lady Olinska approaches—away, to speed the preparations for the festival.

[*Music—Rudzolo drives Drotinsko out, who has hardly recovered from the effects of his shaking*, L. S. E.

Enter Olinska, *with* Agatha, R.

Aga. (L.) Why, how, is it my pretty bird has left her nest so early this morning?—And, oh! those downcast eyes and and colourless cheeks assure she must have passed a sleepless night.

Olin. (C.) Oh, I am deeply to be pitied.

Aga. Pitied! you, you to be pitied! when there's nothing talked of through all the castle, but your approaching nuptials with a young nobleman so rich and so——

Olin. Those nuptials never can take place. My heart, my soul, each energy of my existence—all, all is Cassimir's.

Aga. Cassimir's! heavens! a friendless youth, an orphan boy, a foundling Tartar.

Olin. The idol of my fond affections! This very morning, yielding to the prayer of Cassimir, I went to make an avowal to my father, but judge of my astonishment, my agony, when he announced to me that he had solemnly engaged my hand

to the Count Palatine, who in the recent war had rescued him in battle. You know my cruel situation—judge, condemn me, if you can, but you must at least pity the unhappy Olinska.

Aga. I condemn you! oh, my dear young lady, my bosom can harbour none but the tenderest sentiments towards you, nor entertain any wish except to do you service.

[*A noise of hurried footsteps is heard without,* R.

Olin. Some one approaches—ah, 'tis he, 'tis Cassimir! Great heaven, how agitated!

Re-enter CASSIMIR, *suddenly,* R. U. E.

Cas. [*With suppressed anger.*] Noble lady—

[*Agatha retires up,* R. *watching.*

Olin. (R. C.) Speak without reserve, Cassimir; my second mother here knows all.

Cas. Before her, then, pronounce my fate.

Olin. Your fate!

Cas. Yes: on you, and on this moment, depend the destinies of my life.

Olin. What mean you?

Cas. We must fly: the deserts of Tartary, where I first drew breath, offer us an assured retreat. Here where the bonds that unite us are to be torn asunder, have I not the right to require of Olinska, who has chosen me for her husband, that she should seek with me, in my own country, that happiness which is denied us here?

Olin. How, with barbarians? sworn foes of my country—never, never!

Cas. Then let this hated rival tremble.

Olin. Listen to me, Cassimir.

Cas. I care not for life; I am ready to sacrifice it; but I will not perish alone.

Aga. [*Advancing,* R.] Your father comes: for both your sakes, hide from him your tears—Cassimir, away!

MUSIC.—*Enter the* CASTELLAN, *with his suite, including* RUDZOLOFF, *from the castle-gate,* L. 3rd E.—*he seems surprised at observing the embarrassment his presence occasions, and testifies his astonishment at beholding* CASSIMIR.

Cast. [*Aside,* L.] Cassimir! [*Aloud.*] What do you here, Cassimir?

Cas. [*Confused,* R.] My Lord Castellan

Aga. [*Fearing he may betray himself, hastens between him and the Castellan,* c.] My lord, Cassimir was just come to—to—to—to request my influence with the Lady Oliniska, to obtain for him the situation of first esquire with her intended husband.

[*The Castellan, with a scrutinizing glance, surveys the lovers, who remain abashed and confused.*

Rud. (L.) This young man's intrusion on my lady's privacy——

Cast. It would be your duty to punish; but I am willing to excuse. I call to mind his uniform good conduct, his courage, and fidelity, which deserve reward:—I name him officer of men-at-arms, whom I am sending to Warsaw, to be incorporated in the royal guard. He will depart to-morrow at daybreak.

Cas. My lord, permit me——

Cast. Rudzoloff, I rely on you to see my wishes fulfilled. Away, now; and prepare for your appearence at the approaching fête.

Rud. Enough, my lord.

[*Exit Caisimir,* L. S. E., *with gestures of submission to the Castellan, and darting glances of piercing scrutiny on Olinska —Rudzolff following.*

Cast. I find, by the Count Palatine's despatch, that this proposed marriage is likewise sanctioned by the soverign himself.

Olin. [*Aside.*] Support me, oh! support me!

Cast. The Count Premislas wishes to come, even on the instant, and present to thee his homage; but an ancient custom does not permit a Palatine of Poland to offer his vows in person, till after a solemn ceremony. The countess's coronet must be presented to the intended, and she return her ring in exchange. From that moment, she is his affianced bride. The envoy of the count this day will come on the important mission.

Olin. How, my father! this very day?

Cast. Even so. Prepare for his reception, my daughter; obedience should be easy, when honors and fortune are its reward.

MUSIC.—*Enter an* OFFICER, R. 4th E.

Offi. My lord, a splendid cavalcade of knights and warriors even now is discerned from the battlements, approaching the

castle. By the bearings on the banners, we perceive it is an envoy from Count Premislas.

Cast. Let him be conducted hither, with all the honour due to his noble master. Bid my pages and officers of my household attend me here. Olinska, be mindful of your duty.

[*Olinska bends in submission—the Officer retires,* R. 4th. E.

Enter RUDZOLOFF—*Pages, including* CASSIMIR, *Ladies, and Guards in the castle, at the gates,* L. 3rd E., *and form round the Castellan, Olinska, and Agatha, who advances near the front,* L.

Enter a Guard of Honour, from the Castle, crossing the back drawbridge from R. U. E. *to* L. U. E.

THE GRAND PROCESSION

Moves on, from R. 4th E *consisting of Soldiers, Knights, Officers, Ladies, and Attendants, who form on the* L. *side and across the back—a small ornamental car is drawn on* L. 3rd E., *under the canopy of which is a cushion with a countess's cornet—the Envoy advances,* C.—*the Castellan leads forward his daughter, and with her takes a position,* R.—*two ladies place a cushion,* C., *on which Olinska kneels—the Envoy brings forword the coronet, and presents it to Olinska—it is received by her attendants, and placed on her head—Cassimir anxiously beholds the ceremony —he pases round the back, and takes a situation behind Agatha,* R.—*on Olinska's receving the corenet, he expresses rage and dispair —the Castellan now reminds her to present her ring—with trembling agitation she draws it from her finger, and approaches the canopy, Cassimir watching with a degree of intentness, wrought up to agony—as she drops the ring on the cushion,* COUNT PREMISLAS *bursts from the drapery of the car, seizes the ring, and advances to the front,* C.

Oli. [*Starting.*] What do I see?

Cast. The Count Premislas!

Cas. [*aside.*] (L.) Down, rebel nature, down!

Pre. (C.) Pardon me, beautiful Olinska, for not awaiting the sentence which was to decide my fate. Had my homage been rejected, I should have quitted the castle without intruding upon your presence; but, on seeing you accept the diadem I hastened to recieve, myself, this precious pledge of happiness, [*Showing the ring.*

Music.—He takes the hand of Olinska, and kisses it—Cassimir makes a movement, as if in his jealous fury, he would spring upon his happy rival, but is restrained by a sudden thought of more effectual vengence.

Cas. [*aside, and earnestly to Olinska.*] This very night! —vengence!—death! [*Exit,* R.

Cast. Deign to accompany me, count: every thing is prepared to recieve you with the honors due to him who, becoming my son, will presently have a right to command, where now he is a guest. Never could your arrival have been better timed. This day I had prepared a solemn tourney, in which the pages of my household and friendly knights will contend in those manly sports which form the warrior's earliest lesson To this festivity your presence will add a tenfold brilliance. Forward, and prepare the arena.

Pre. Count, with the utmost joy, I shall attend you. (*To Olinska.*) Lady, may I be honoured with your hand?

Music—He offers his hand to Olinska, who with diffident reluctance yields hers. The procession moves on towards the castle, and the scene closes.

SCENE II.—*A Gothic Apartment in the Castle.*

MUSIC.—*Enter* EMILA.

Zem. Well; so my lady Olinska is going to be married—I wish I was going to be married; for then I should no longer be a maid: no indeed, I would be a mistress, as my husband would be pretty quickly convinced. There's that lout, Drolinsko, has been casting sheep's eyes at me for months past; but the dolt scarcely knows his own mind, I fancy. There's but one reason I can conceive for having any thing to say to such a numscull: if I married him, he'd save me the trouble of making a fool of him, for he's ready made to my hand. Give me a dashing spirited fellow, I say, who would run away with you, in spite of fathers, uncles, cousins—ay, for the matter of that, in spite of yourself.

SONG.—EMILA.

A lady Was woo'd by a knight it is said,
Who courted her under a tree;

And he constantly sighed on her bosom, "Fair maid
Ah! wilt thou be faithful to me?"
She sighed back again, as her bosom soft heav'd
"Sir knight, I must yield to dispair,—
I'd fly to thy arms, as my truth is believ'd,
Yes, I'd fly with my love, did I dare.

"Ah! lady love, lady love!" quick he return'd,
"Is it fear only keeps us apart?"
With tenderest passion his manly breast burn'd,
Whilst courage and hope swelled his heart.
His courser was ready; he snatch'd her fair form,
Away o'er the wild heath to bear,
And sang, as he gallop'd admidst the loud storm,
"I not only love thee, but dare!"

Enter DROLINSLO, R.

Dro. [*Meeting Zemila*, C.] Ah! pretty Mistress Zemila, what may you be seeking in such a bustle?

Zem. (L. C.) No such trash as you; so mind your own business, and let me pass.

Dro. Well, now, for my part, I don't know what a likely yong woman, such as you, can meet more suited to her wants and inclinations than a tidy husband.

Zem. A husband!]*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! As if, were I inclined for a husband, I should for a moment dream of such a thing as you.

Dro. Such a thing as me! what the devil do you mean by that? Why, what's the matter with me? I'm all right and tight, snug and comfortable, as any young woman could desire'

Zem. No, Drolinsko, you want one very material article to make a man of you.

Dro. No, you don't say so,

Zem. Not that it's so essential to a husband,

Dro. Well, I'm glad to hear that at any rate.

Zem. [*Touching his head.*] You want it here, my poor fellow: empty as a scooped-out cocoa-nut shell.

Dro. Want it there, do I? Now it strikes me very forcibly, that if I were your husband, you would furnish me with something more than I should want there.

Zem. Now, if you were any thing like such a person as the Tartar, Cassimir——

Dro. The Tartar, Cassimir! Only to hear the women talk

Well, St. Ignatius help their taste, I say. He's a sort of a wild beast; and all the women are weaving nets and meshes to catch him; and if they can't tame him, he's a wild devil indeed. But I've stopped Mr. Cassimir's pranks for awhile.

Zem. You stop him, drolinsko? (*Laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha! that's an excellent joke.

Dro. I don't think he'll find it so. The slave had the presumption to intrude on the Lady Olinska's privacy, whilst taking a walk on the terrace of the castle, and even to touch her hand.

Zem. Like a spirited young fellow, as he is.

Dro. There I caught him—so did her father.

Zem. (*Sneering.*) Well?

Dro. The father did not seem inclined to say much; but I gave Mr. Tarter pretty plainly to understand, that if ever he attempted the like liberty again, he would incur a pretty considerable portion of my displeasure.

Zem. (*Derisively.*) Your displeasure! Poor, poor Drolinsko.

Dro. I'd a good mind to give him a bit of a shaking then.

Zem. You give Cassimir a shaking! why, you'd shake in your shoes if he did but raise a finger.

Dro. I say, Zemila, how provokingly beautiful you do look, to be sure. Do you know, I should so like to——

Zem. Well, then, why don't you take courage and try.

Dro. Egad! that's a pretty fair invitation, and here I go.

(*He attempts to kiss her, she slaps his face.*

Zem. Smack for smack, my fine fellow, all over the world, is fair play, you know.

Dro. That's what you call giving a modest young man proper encouragement, I suppose.

Zem. Recollect, Drolinsko, that till a recruit has learned to tand fire, he's never fit for the field of action.

s *Enter* ZOLOFF, R.

Rud. (R. C.) Come, come, none of your billing and cooing here; all should be bustle and activity. The tournament is about to take place; the Lady Olinska is to crown the conqueror. and the presence of Count Premislas inclines my lord to wish the entertainment more brilliant even than he had intended.

Dro. (L. C.) Lovely mistress Zemila, were it your task to crown the conqueror, I feel that I should overthrow all before me.

Zem. (c.) Then it must be with a crown of thistle and dandelion, ornamented with a pair of ass's ears.

[*A trumpet heard without.*

Rud. Hark, that's the first signal; hasten to take your place.

Dro. My soul's in arms, and eager for——

Zem. The encounter?

Dro. No; for the sumptuous banquet, that is to take place afterwards.

TRIO.—EMILA, DROLINSKO, *and* RUDZOLOFF.

Zem. Oh! 'midst the crash of war's alarms,
Delightful hurry scurry,
Where 'midst of trophies, plumes, and arms.
The men each other worry,
How high each damsel's bosom beats,
How beam her sparklers bright,
To think, with all their gallant feats,
For her the heroes fight.

Dro. No doubt, for those who get the best.
'Tis very pretty fun,
But ah! the thought that fills my breast,
Is care of number one.
What silly sport for fighting elves,
Into each other pitching—
They'd better pitch into themselves
The comforts of the kitchen.

Rud. Oh, the thought of martial glory
Warms the breast and fires the heart;
Though my war-worn locks are hoary
I could play a soldier's part.
Still the falchion could I wield,
Still enjoy the trumpet's clang;
Still my heart to beauty yield,
And each haughty rival bang.

ALL TOGETHER.

Zem. Ever still must martial glory
Tend a woman's heart to win:
Still they love a warrior's story
Though they dread the battle's din.

Dro. It's very well to talk of glory,
Something better I would win,
With a jovial feast before me,
I but wish a good tuck in.

Rud. Still my heart beats high for glory
Fresher laurels yet I'd win;
As I tell each martial story,
Fight the battle o'er again. [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE III.—*The Grand Arena, prepared for the Tournament, surrounded on three sides by an elevated gallery—an arched entrance* C. F. *under the gallery—near the front,* L., *a canopied couch.*

Music.—*The galleries are filled with spectators—the limits of of the arena are maintained Heralds and by mounted Men at arms—in the centre are drawn up the Pages and Knights, proposed combatants—Cassimir is amongst them—the couch is occupied by the Castellan, his daughter, and Count Premislas, surrounded by their Attendants.*

Cast. My friends, display before us your address and courage—these noble sports are the image of war—learn from them to defend your prince and country. My daughter will crown the conqueror—let the signal be given for the games to begin.

[Music.—*The Castellan sits—Rudzoloff makes a signal, on which a trumpet sounds, and the respective champions take their station—s first, a small sword combat, between two of the Pages—then a tilt of mounted and armed Knights, with spear and battle-axe, of whom Cassimir is one—then a sword combat on horseback, between Cassimir and his opponent—in both of these Cassimir is successful—then a broad-sword combat of four, in which Cassimir is also the victor—the conquerors advance towards the Castellan.*

Cast. Cassimir, it is with pleasure I behold you the victor! I have before remarked your courage and address; I have distinguished you from the crowd of my pages; merit always ups my favour, and new rewards will be the result. The evening's shadows, now gathering o'er the valley, remind us

to conclude our sports, and taste the banquet's joys. Now let the trumpet speak the contest o'er, and, in the joyous goblet's cheering draught, let each pledge his antagonist in sincerity and friendship.

(*The victors are crowned by* OLINSKA *with laurel*—CASSIMIR *receives also a scarf*—*they then approach a small table, which has been prepared*—*each take a goblet of wine, and as they are in the act of drinking, the scene closes.*

SCENE IV.—*A Gallery of the Castle, conducting to the sleeping-rooms*—*an entrance from the armoury,* L.

MUSIC.—*Enter* COUNT PREMISLAS, L., *preceded and followed by his Pages and Gentlemen of his household, some of whom bear flambeaux*—*one takes his hat, another his mantle, which he lays over the back of a chair*—*a third places his sword on a small table.*

Pre. (C.) You may now retire—I dispence with all further service for the evening. [*Pages &c. retire,* R., *the Count sits on a chair,* R.C.] I shall presently be united to Olinska—called by my soverign to one of the first offices of the state, love and fortune unite to crown my wishes; still the extraordinary emotion of Olinska haunts me; her disturbed looks, her eyes moistened with tears—what would be her hand without her heart?—Perhaps some knight more blessed than I—[*Rises and advances,* C.] But no, Olinska has been brought up in retirement: her heart will be thoroughly her husband's.

MUSIC.—*Enter* CASSIMIR, C. F., *disguised in a black helmet with black plumes, the vizor closed, and a long black mantle*—*he stands before Premislas, as he is turning towards his chamber.*

Pre. [*Seizing his sword.*] Who art thou?

Cas. (C.) Thine enemy.

Pre. (C.) How entered you this castle?

Cas. What matter's that to thee?

Pre. What is thy will?

Cas. Thy death.

Pre. Would'st thou be my murderer?

Cas. No; I would meet thee in equal encounter of man to man.

Pre. (*Haughtily.*) Thy name?

Cas. Thou shalt know that when thou art conquered.

Pre. This arrogance——

Cas. Befits a jealous and offended man.

Pre. What can you be?

Cas. Your rival.

Pre. (*With anxiety.*) Beloved.

Cas. Till yesterday I believed so.

Pre. (*Exultingly.*) But to day thou findest that the beautiful Olinska accords to me the preference.

Cas. Not to thee, but to thy honours and thy titles.

Pre. Dar'st thou insult me?

Cas. I have told thee but the truth; my sword shall do the rest.

Pre. Rash intruder! think'st thou a Palatine will deign to measure swords with an unknown, doubtless unworthy of that honour

Cas. My sword shall teach thee whether I be worthy.

Pre. Hence, or my servants shall chastise thy boldness.

[*Proceeds to ring a bell,* L.

Cas. [*Presenting two pistols,* c.] One word, one gesture, and I stretch thee at my feet.

Pre. Coward! were our arms but equal——

Cas. [*Laying aside his pistols, and drawing a sword.*] They are so. Behold, [*Throws open the mantle.*] my bosom is unarmed—I wear this helmet for concealment, not protection. Aim at my heart—it has no defence but courage and this good sword.

MUSIC.—*Pressed by the attack of Cassimir, Premslas places himself on his defence,* R. C., *and a combat ensues—unable to resist the vigor of Cassimir's onset, Premislas is wounded, and falls.*

Pre. I yield.

Cas. [*Resuming his mantle.*] I am revenged.

[MUSIC.—*A tumult is heard without—a crowd of the Count's attendants and other of the Castellan's household rush on, headed by Drolinsko,* L.

Dro. I tell you the unknown, who stole the armour, is in that gallery—see, behold him—there he is.

[*Those of the Count's household perceiving him fainting in the chair,* R. C., *rush to his assistance—the others are about to rush on Cassimir, who stands near the entrance to the armoury, but are kept in check by his presenting his pistols—he*

rushes off by the passage leading to the armoury, L. S. E., *and they follow him.*

Enter the CASTELLAN, RUDZOLOFF, *and other Attendants,* L.

Rud. Great heaven! the Palatine assassinated!
(*Goes to him.*

Pre. (*Partially reviving.*) A rival—vengeance!

Cast. You shall obtain it: and whoever the murderer may prove, it shall be terrible.

(*Music.—Two discharges of pistols are heard without.*

Enter DROLINSKO, *running,* L.

Dro. We've got him! he's taken! he's taken!

[*The other Servants now come in,* L. S. E. *surrounding* CASSIMIR, *still concealed by the vizor and mantle—he shakes them off, and quietly takes his station,* L. C., *the Servants behind him.*

Pre. [*Pointing to* CASSIMIR.] That is the assassin.

Cast. Remove the mantle that conceals the wretch.

[*Music.—As the Servants are about to do so,* CASSIMIR *casts off both the mantle and the helmet.*

All. Cassimir!

Cast. My suspicions were, then, true—let him die [*the Servants of* COUNT PREMISLAS *are about to spring on* CASSIMIR.] Hold! reserve him for the punishment inflicted on rebel slaves. Lead in the Count—let every aid be lavished to restore him. [*Approaching the* COUNT, *and grasping his hand,*] End as it may, of this, at least, be sure, such vengeance shall expiate the outrage, as my indignant soul in fury dictates, in lamentation o'er its dearest friend. [*The* COUNT'S *Followers support him off,* R.] Tremble, ungrateful miscreant, at the punishment reserved for outraged hospitality. Lead the vile Tartar hence—strip him of that garb he has degraded—let not the arms of my house be sullied by adorning a traitor who raises his assassin arm against my friend, under the very roof that gives him shelter. Lead out the fiery untamed steed—prepare strong hempen lashings round the villain's loins—let every beacon-fire on the mountain's top be lighted, and torches, like a blazing forest, cast their glare across the night. This moment let my vengeance be accomplished—away.

[*Music.—Exit the Castellan, followed by his principal Officers,* R.—CASSIMIR *is dragged out by the Servants,* L.

SCENE V.—*Part of the gardens of the Castellan.*

MUSIC.—*Enter* RUDZOLOFF *and* ZEMILA, R., *meeting—Enter* DROLINSKO, L., *running, and his cloths in great disorder.*

Zem. Well, Drolinsko, what dismal fate has happened to you now?

Dro. Dismal fate, indeed! the dismal fate has not happened to me; but it might have done—I am perpetually led into predicaments by my unquenchable courage.

Zem. Or your unquenchable thirst, which, Drolinsko?

Dro. There, his lordship has ordered them to bring out the wild Tartar horse, and strap Cassimir to his back. Lord love you, there stood the poor wretches about him,—not one of them had courage to approach him; but my eagerness for difficult adventures inspired me—I approached the infuriated monster, and seized him by the mane, when he turned round, and savagely tore——

Rud. Tore! my poor dear fellow, are you seriously hurt? what did he tear?

Dro. Why, he tore what I won't venture to mention.

[*Turns round and discovers his small clothes torn.*

MUSIC.—*Enter two Servants, who cross from* L. *to* R.—*one of them appears wounded.*

Rud. Hasten to my lord, entreat him to forgo his purpose, ere half his household is destroyed.

Dro. Why, truly, it seem as if the wild horse would make the castle an hospital. His Countryman, Mr. Cassimir, began that game; but thank heaven, we are likely to get rid of them both, now. I've often said the best thing our Lord Castellan could do, would be to bind them back to back, and set them off to their own country together. Egad! if we don't run, we shall miss the sight, and the opportunity of wishing our Tartar friends good-by for ever.

MUSIC.—*Exeunt running,* L.

SCENE VI.—*The Outer Terrace of the Castle, overlooksng a tract of desolate country, composed of precipitous mountain ridges, abounding with cataracts—the rocky pathway crosses a stupendous waterfall, by a slight rustic bridge, and is finally lost in a chain of lofty eminences, stretching into the distance.*

MUSIC.—*Enter the* CASTELLAN, RUDZOLOFF, DROLINSKO, *and several of his suite, male and female,* R. S. E.

Cast. (R. C.) Is my will obeyed, and the wild horse secured?

Rud. All is as my lord commanded.

Cast. Bring forth the miscreant.

MUSIC.—OLINSKA *rushes in,* R. S. E., *followed by all the females of her household, and approaches the Castellan,* R.—*at the same time* CASSIMIR *is dragged on by several of the household,* L. 3rd E.—CASSIMIR *stands* L. C. *the Servants stretching semicircularly from the* C. *to* L. *corner.*

Oli. [*Throwing herself at her father's feet,* R. C.] Oh! my father, pardon for him who saved your daughter's life.

Cast. (C.) Unworthy girl! all power on earth were ineffectual to assuage my vengeance.

MUSIC.—*Enter* COUNT PREMISLAS, *followed by his officers,* L.—OLINSKA *and the females instantly surround him, kneeling at his feet, as if entreating his interferance,* C.

Pre. [*Approaching the Castellan.*] Hold, my lord: from vengeance such as this, even my indignant bosom shrinks with horror.

Cast. You plead in vain.—Bring forth the untamed steed.

[MUSIC.—*The horse is brought forward,* L. 3rd E.. *by three or four Grooms, who, with difficulty, restrain him—he is led to the* C.—CASSIMIR *indignantly bursts from those who hold him, and, advancing to the front* C., *surveys the horse—the spectators, in alarm, run to the corners, front.*] Now bind the traitor on his back; let scorching suns and piercing blasts, devouring hunger, and parching thirst, with frequent bruises and ceaseless motion, rend the vile Tartar piecemeal,

MUSIC.—CASSIMIR *is now bound to the horse's back,* L.

Olin. Yet, dearest father, in mercy hear me.

Cas. [*On the horse,* C.] Plead not for me, Olinska: perish as I may, it is sufficent glory that I die for thee.

Cast. Now launch the traitor forth, and let the story of his fate strike terror throughout Poland!

MUSIC.—*The horse is released, and immediately rushes off with* CASSIMIR, R. 3rd E.—*he presently re-appears on the first range of hills, from* L. *to* R., *all the spectators rushing to the* L., *and as he crosses again from* R. *to* L., *they take the opposite side—when he has reached the third range of hills,*

*they commence pursuing him up the hills, and as he progresses, they follow—when he has disappeared in the extensive distance, the whole range of hills is covered by the Servants, Females, Guards, and attendants, shouting, waving their arms and torches, forming an animated tableau—*OLINSKA, *who has fainted, is supported by* AGATHA *and* PREMISLAS, *in the front, whilst the Castellan expresses exultation, completing the picture, lighted by the glare of torches and the red beacon-fires, on which the drop falls.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Moving Panorama of the course of the Dneiper River, running from* L. U. E. *to* R. U. E.—*on the flat is seen its banks, with a tract of wild country—a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, hail and rain.*

MUSIC—MAZEPPA *discovered,* L. S. E., *on the wild horse, stopping a few moments, apparently from exhaustation.* R.

Maz. Exhausted nature for a moment stays his furious course. Eternal heaven! where will these horrors end? Oh! would I were released from suffering, if but in the endless calm of death. Ah! again he urges on his wild career. [*The wild horse gallops off with* MAZEPPA, R.—MUSIC—*The storm abates, the sun rises, and the panorama begins to move—the horse, still bearing* MAZEPPA *fastened to his back, is seen wading up the stream, from* R. *to* L.] Ah! how refreshing is the cool stream to my racked, fevered limbs. Ah! could my parched lips but catch its moisture, it would sooth the burning thirst that preys upon me. But here, like Tantalus, I feel the limpid luxury wash past my mouth, whilst my arid throat is denied the sweet relief. [MUSIC.—*A group of wolves is seen on the opposite banks, as if watching and pursuing the horse and* MAZEPPA.] Though nigh exhausted by the strong exertion, yon group of ravening wolves scare the affrighted beast from off the bank—already have their gnashing teeth been buried in my flesh; and I could almost wish again to feel their horrid

grip—if perchance it might free me from the cruel thongs that eat into my flesh, and squeze my swollen veins almost to bursting.—Surely, the power of the maddened brute must be well-nigh exhausted. Though my dim sight imperfectly distinguishes, it seems as if the current was so strong as to impede his course—these waters, then, shall be my welcome grave—and see [MUSIC.—*An enormous vulture is seen hovering above him.*] yon horrid bird of prey, now hovering over its destined victim, forwarns me that my torments soon shall end.—It brings me, too, the sacred consolation that I have reached my native Tartary, to which its form and plumage are peculiar, and so shall perish where I first drew breath—welcome, eternal rest! Olinska! dear Olinska! be thy well-loved name the last that murmers from my expiring lips, and may thy angel prayers waft my racked soul to regions of repose and peace.

MUSIC.—*The wild horse bears off* MAZEPPA, L. U. E.

SCENE II.—*A Rude Tartar Landscape—a marshy thicket, interspersed with shepherd's huts.*

Enter ONEIZA, *through the wood*, L.

One. What, ho! Koscar! Koscar! the sun mounts high in the heavens, and chides thy sluggishness.

Koscar. [*Without.*] Hillioh! here.

Enter COSCAR, R.

Kos. Ah! my sweet sister, thou abroad so early!

One. Our gods preserve thee. Some hours since I led my herd to a secluded tract amidst the mountain heights that look towards Poland—[*Looking off*, R] but here comes Kadac

Enter KADAC, R.

One. What has raised thee, friend, from thy couch, so soon?

Kad. Oh! I have been to pay my morning tribute to our prophet king; to beg his paternal blessing, and ask the assistance of his potent prayers.

Kos. Prophet-king! well it's a strange mixture of trades. Most kings, I reckon, find enough to do without wandering

out at nights upon the mountain tops, counting the stars, and seeking wondrous visions.

One. Fie, Koscar! fie! how can you suffer your rude tongue to speak thus irreverently of him, whom all our tribes rever. Ever was Abder Khan a mild and gracious monarch; but since that fatal time, when on the fields of Poland he lost his only son, his mind has taken a strange and solemn turn—he is inspired by the gods of Tartary—in wondrous visions, its future destiny's unfolded to his view.

Kos. (*c.*) Visions, say you? Oh! I, too, see visions, if it come to that—This very morn, I have beheld a warning vision—horrible! most horrible!

ne. (R. C.) Heavens! what do you mean, Koscar?

Kos. Why, if my two eyes have the slightest knowledge of the business attached to their situation in my head, I have this very morning seen the Volpas.

ne. You terrify me out of my senses, Koscar—what can you mean?

Kos. I saw him sitting, or rather lying, on a furious wild horse, that bore him with more than lightning speed from rock to rock, o'er precipice, through stream, and plunged with him into the deep and foaming torrent of the Dnieper.

Kad. (L. C.) Let us hasten to the Khan, and ask his counsel; for, by our old traditions, the appearance of the Volpas has ever been the harbinger of wretchedness to our Tartar tribes.

ne. Hark, hark! what mean those sounds?

Kad. It is the trampling of a furious steed.

Kosl [*Looking off*, L. S. E.] Ay,; with more than mortal vigour. It is himself—the Volpas, the awful, the accursed, Volpas, who this way wings his flight.—Hence, sister, hence! the Volpas! the Volpas! *Exeunt, in the utmost terror*, R.

MUSIC.—*Enter the Wild Horse at full gallop, with* MAZEPPA, L. S. E.—*he rushes across, and exits* R. S. E.

Enter THAMAR, *with Tartar Chiefs and Soldiers*, R.

Tha. I came to seek our king: knowest thou where I may find him, gallant Zemba?

Zem. Our king? Our prophet, rather say, my chief.

Tha. Ay, doating driveller; when he must needs take up one character, 'twere well he had laid down the other—a warlike people are not to be ruled by a seer of visions.

Zem. At least they get little by it.

Tha. From a race of warriors we are descended to a nation of vile shepherds; living upon the scanty sustenance our herds afford, or labour can extort from our rude sterile soil. When has the spoil of any neighbouring people yielded glory to our arms, or booty to our soldiers! Oh! for the days when Polish and Hungarian wealth was the just prey of those whose valour best deserved it!

Zem. No; ever since he lost his infant son, he dreads the very name of Poland.

Tha. And spends his time in idle reveries, and superstitious dreams of inspiration. Not content to be obeyed, he likewise would be worshipped.

Zem. So he is, almost, by the poor simple shepherds; but for us warriors——

Tha. You cannot but despise such drivelling imposture—you shall not longer be the victims of a cheat to whom your judgment never could be dupe. The hour is at hand when the Tartarian sceptre shall be snatched by an arm that's bold enough to seize, and strong enough to wield it. This very day I will, in the name of our assembled tribes, demand that he proclaim his successor. There is but one he dare to name, and once pronounced his heir, he soon shall find I will not tardily await the enjoyment of the power already dropping from his doating hand.

Enter hastily KOSCAR *and* KADAC, R.

Kos. (R. C.) Help! help! save me! save me!

Zem. (C.) How, now? What ails the man!

Kos. I've seen him! I've seen him! I am sure I have!

Zem. Whom have you seen idiot?

Kos. Why, the Volpas, to be sure, the dreaded Volpas.

Zem. Driveller! what mean you?

Kos. I mean, my lord, that I believe the evidence of my own two eyes: I saw him on a horse about twice as big as an elephant, who leaped from one rock to another, a league apart—the wirlwind of dust that he kicked up reached to the skies——

Tha. Dolt! weary not thus my patience; but assemble your shepherd tribes here in the valley: our aged Khan has a revelation to make of the utmost importance—obey me quickly, and await your monarch's bidding.

Kos. We shall do so, my lord—he is our friend and our

protector; and if any thing can oppose the fury of the persecuting demon, 'twill be the efficacy of his prayers.

Tha. Ha! I see he approaches. Haste you to bring your comrades, whilst I assemble our choicest warriors to hear from his inspired lips the future destiny of Tartary.

[MUSIC.—*Exeunt* THAMAR *and* SOLDIERS, L., KOSCAR, *and* KADAC, R.

SCENE III.—*The plains or Steppes of Tartary, bounded by rocky eminences, the last of a chain that separates it from Poland—rocky pathways, broken by cataracts, over which are thrown rude alpine bridges—and in the foreground are marshy plants, brushwood, and a few scattered trees.*

MUSIC.—SHEPHERDS *discovered reposing, whilst their steeds are grazing.*

Enter ABDER KHAN, R. U. E, *attended by* THREE ELDERS.

Abd. [*Stopping on one of the mountain eminences,* R. C.] Hail, glorious orb of day, that slowly rising from wide ocean's bosom, sheddest thy bright beams over animated nature, awaking all its creatures into life, and chasing night's dark shadows far away: what fearful scenes those shadows have pourtrayed to my inspired vision. Portentuous horrors hanging thick around, menacing this devoted land with blood—yet, even in my dream, a better star rose o'er our clouded fortunes, and, like the blessed sun, dispersed the gloom of horror, and spread light and peace around.

[MUSIC.—*He advances to the front,* C., *attended by the Elders.*

First E. How fares our honoured master? What anxious cares have occupied his thoughts through the past night, and from his tent led his adventurous steps?

Abd. Deep thoughts for my loved people's welfare: and, oh! in those wild regions I have visited, such mighty revelations from the skies have on my wrapped soul descended——

Second E. What means my honoured lord?

Abd. Methought I saw a fair and lovely-bird, the very type of innocence and peace, wing its swift light through the expance of heaven; a dark and ravenous eagle darted forth, and quick pursued the affrighted helpless wanderer, with eager haste and threatening talons. In its distress and woe, the persecuted wa rbler stouh shter in my bosom, which

readily was open to receive it; but the destroyer even there assailed its destined prey, and struck its talons deep into my heart.

First E. Yet be not cast down; for threatened evils often pass away, nor shed one drop of bitterness on our protected heads.

Abd. Not for myself, I fear, but for my people; for hope and fear to me have been denied since my loved child was lost. For Tartary alone I live, and would it win her happiness, for Tartary with eager joy I'd die.

Second E. No, sire, no: yet live to bless thy people.

Abd. But in one hope I live, a hope thou'lt say akin to madness, but which the gods have planted in my sorrowing heart, and nourish still with those soft whisperings, breathed from the heavens above. Thou sawest me in that hour, Olgar—thou sawest my gleaming scemitar hew down myriads of Polish foes, who had surprised our little camp; when my infant was held within their grasp, how like a maddened lion my eager rage sought access to their phalanx's centre—once, once, I saw an uplifted dagger gleam against his throat. Gods! how my steel, like the fell lightning's flash, struck through opposing numbers to that monster's heart. At once, I saved and lost him—hurried back by overpowered and retreating hosts, I never saw my angel babe again.

Second E. You yet believe he lives?

Abd. I do, I do! in hallowed visions constantly I see him, my diadem encircling his brow—like a celestial halo does that blessed thought shed a bright gleam of comfort o'er my soul—with patience I await the hour, assured that I shall see it—Mazeppa shall return, shall be the joy of his long-sorrowing sire, and the glory of his rescued people.

Rural Music heard at a distance.

First E. See, sire, where the shepherd tribes approach, to lay their morning homage at your honoured feet.

Abd. Be their humble repast prepared; their simple wants, at least, their king can yet supply, and to avert each threatened danger, they shall not need his prayers.

[MUSIC.—*From a tent,* R. S. E., *the Elders set out bowls of milk—the rural Music approaches.*

Enter a body of Shepherds, at the back, whilst THAMAR *and his warriors advance in the front,* L.

Tha. Soverign of Tartary, thy people, deeply sympathizing

with thy childish loneliness, have yet a care for their own future peace and happiness; and, lest the sceptre, which in the course of nature must soon drop from thy enfebled grasp, should prove a source of discord and disaster, they expect that thou wilt name one of thy chiefs whom thou deemest worthy to succeed thee on the throne.

Aba. Doubt not I shall do my people justice—a solemn warning from above was last night whispered to my soul—yes, yes, I feel this very day the will of heaven shall be declared, the name of my successor be breathed even from the skies—again I will entreat the gods in prayer—in yonder tent for a few moments beg again their blessing—do thou and all thy chiefs and people await me here—anon I will join you and proclaim my will. Doubt not, good Thamar, the successor I shall proclaim will be one who will meet thine and all my people's approbation. [*Retires among the rocks.*

Tha. [*Aside.*] Ha! then the glorious prize, indeed, is mine he dares not name another. Now to assemble all the chiefs and forces who are favourable to my views; and, should the robber dare to murmur aught of discontent, we may crush all idle opposition, and awe them to obedience.

MUSIC.—*Exeunt* THAMAR *and Warriors,* R. S. E.

Kad. (L. C.) Well, as I have heard that music after meals is good for digestion, suppose old Zelos here gives us the song of the Volpas, whilst you, Koscar, accompany him on your pipe.

Kos. (C.) What, that song of the Wild Genius of the Desert? —The very thought of it gives me an indigestion.

Kad. Psha! childrens' tales! you can't believe what they say of the Volpas—I thought you had more sense.

Kos. Believe! I don't believe, but I know it. It never appears but at the forewarning of wonderful events. The very mention of the terrible Volpas turns all the milk I have been drinking into vinegar. The ravager! the destroyer!—Come, come, no more talk, but the song of the Volpas.

MUSIC.—*The pastoral groups form—*KOSCAR *mounts hillock* C., *and plays upon his pandean pipes—three Shepherds sing, the song with chorus, during which all the men and women figure a heavy dance, almost without stirring from their places, with extravagant movements of their heads and arms, terminating every time in grotesque and varied groups*

TARTAR SONG.

Across the wilds of Tartary there whirls a demon form,—
His voice is not of this world, and mingles with the storm;
Through blasts of forked lightning his snorting courser dashes,
And death and terror, as his guides, smile grimly with the flashes.

Let the lovely shepherd maid,
Most of all, his side evade.
Haste! haste! to your tents hasten back,
A pursuer is in your track.
Fly! fly!

'Tis the Volpas that's coming, the Volpas is nigh.
His black and fiery courser's mane stands bristled by the blast,
And from his feet the dust in air is up in whirlwinds cast;
His wide and smoking nostrils dart before him fires of wrath;
And nothing that's of mortal born can live upon his path.

Chorus and dance. Let the lovely shepherd maid, &c.

Oh, when that horse and rider come, the astonished earth and ocean
Shake and shrink with terror at the martial commotion.
Nature, as if she writh'd her last, heaves with the horrid pang,
And trumpets shriek in the troubled air their war denouncing clang.

Let the lovely shepherd maid, &c.

(*At the conclusion of the song, a storm comes on with immense fury.*

Shepherdess. There! see now! I thought what would come of such profane ditties: the devil is no person to be jested with. You have sung a song in his honor, and he is now coming to thank you for it—yes, yes, sure enough, the Volpas is at hand this time.

(*Music.—A universal scream of horror runs through the assembled multitude.*

Re-Enter ABDER KHAN, L. S. E.

Abd. What means this wild alarm, my children? these screams of abject terror?

First Shepherdess. Ah, sire, save us, save us! an awful visitation—the Volpas, the Volpas is at hand.

Abd. Dismiss this idle fear, and dread no fiend but that

which vice has planted in the human heart. The voice of heaven now surely speaks in the thunder of the elements; its awful secrets shall this day be known; its pleasure and your future fate by my voice be declared; Chiefs and elders, attend to assist me in my prayers; do you my children, secure your steeds from the fury of the elements. Sound now your shells, and call them round you—let the seat of our armed tribes be spread beneath the palm-grove, where I, with our chosen priests and elders, may consult the messenger of heaven. (*aside.*) Oh, if I dared believe the portentious throbbing of this heaving breast—but, oh! the peace I'd fain inspire in them is stranger to my soul.

(*Exit with the Elders,* L.

Kad. Koscar, call up the steeds affrighted and dispersed by the storm; your sounding shells, pealing along the echoes, will bring them quickly around us. My friends, ascend to the mountain pastures and draw our flocks homewards to the valleys, for see, the storm increases.

MUSIC.—*The Shepherds sound their horns,—their horses rush on from the adjacent pastures—they mount them, and proceed in various directions. A large body of them on foot ascend the mountain eminence—as they ascend the rock, the storm redoubles. When they reach the summit,* L., *the heavens pour forth a continuous stream of fire—the shepherds with a shriek of alarm, exclaim,* "The Volpas! the Volpas!" *and rush forward and throw themselves on their faces. The Wild Horse, with Mazeppa, is seen furiously pursuing his course among the mountains, crossing first from* L. *to* R., *backwards and forwards over the range of hills, till he reaches the front, and, as he is crossing from* R. S. F. *to* L. S. E., *a thunderbolt falls and strikes a fir-tree,* L., *which falls among the brushwood, and hides him from view. The Shepherds all rise up, and rush off in horror,* R.

Maz. [*Heard feebly exclaiming.*] Helo! help! for heaven's sake, release me!

MUSIC.—*Enter* ONEIZA, R., *rushing forward in dreadful alarm.*

One. (L. C.) Ha, what a dreadful conflict of the elements? Whither shall I seek for shelter? Ah! in this thicket I may and, perhaps, a momentry refuge from the storm. (MUSIC.—

she turns aside some of the brushwood and the branches of the fallen tree, L., *which presents to view Mazeppa, extended motionless and apparently lifeless, upon the body of the exhausted horse.*) What do I behold!—A human being, apparently lifeless, yet bleeding, and bound by cruel thongs upon the body of a steed, exhausted, dead, or dying. (*Leaning over Mazeppa.*) He moves! he breathes! Oh, may I, under heaven, be the happy means of affording him relief. (*Loosening the cords which bind him.*) I will unbind those blood-soaked cords, and plants of shootings virtues shall allay the anguish of their wounds. (*Rises and gathers leaves.*) From this flask the cool refreshing stream shall shoot new vigor through his wearied frame.

(*Giving him drink from her water-bottle, and binding his wounds with leaves.*

Maz. (*Rising up a little.*) Ah! have the cords that bound my aching limbs at length bursted? Save—save me! or I die. (*He sinks back from exhaustion.*

One. Ah! He is not one of our tribes. Let me hasten to our Prophet-Khan, whose mild benignant spirit will lavish more effectual succour than my weak aid can offer.

MUSIC.—*Exit hastily,* L.

Re-enter some of the Shepherds, cautiously, R. S. E., *and* L. S. E.

Kad. What meant that strange and fearful vision which, amidst the flashes of the storm, gleamed on our affrighted view?

Kos. (L. C.) Why, what should it be but the Volpas, as I told you. Ah! what do I behold!—There lies the wild horse sunk in death, and on his back a form that seems like mortal.

Kad. Perhaps it is a fellow creature.

Kos. It must be the Volpas: he's only taking a nap, and will wake up more savage than ever. I'll take care how I go nigh him. Back, the Khan approaches.

MUSIC.—*Enter* ABDER KHAN, *attended by* ONEIZA, *and followed by* THAMAR *and suite,* L.

Abd. Where is the wounded and exausted stranger? Why stand ye idle and indifferent, when, perhaps, your cares might succour human woe?

Kos. Human woe! Oh, no, please your highness, it's no human woe, but that horrid inhuman beast, the Volpas.

Abd. Assist me, friends, to raise the object of ourpity, and

convey him to a timely shelter. [Music.—*The Shepherds remove the tree—the Khan advances, and bends over the body of Mazeppa*, i. c.] Ah! what signs and characters now meet my sight? Like the bright lighting's blaze, it flashes on my soul. [*Rising, and advancing to Thamar.*] Thamar, my friend, behold, and join with me in gratiude to heaven. A miracle has been wrought! Read, read, brave chief, those words of gladdenina power,—Mazeppa! Yes, mark thou that honoured word;—it is my son! my son! my long-lost child, [*Kneeling.*] Eternal heaven, receive an old man's thanks, nor suffer the full tide of joy to overwhelm my soul.

Tha. [*Approaching Mazeppa.*] I mark the characters, my liege. May they not be the work of an imposter?

Abd. [*Approaching Mazeppa.*] Saidst thou an impostor?—This the triumphant answer: behold this jewelled star, the badge and emblem of our noble tribe; myself, affixed it there; and, glittering now upon his bosom, it flashes sweet conviction on my soul. It is indeed my child. See, he revives—he moves!

Maz. Loose those dreadful chords, I say. See, see the gushing stream that mingles with the flood is draining from my heart! Why do those gnarling wolves howl on so hideously? They are upon us!—their ravening tusks tear off my flesh! Ha! that precipice,—that must be swift destruction! We reach its brink!—Lost! lost for ever!

[*He again sinks back in exhaustion.*

Tha. Methinks this wild delirium speaks ill for his recovery

Abd. Peace, thou malignant fiend, whose withering breath would blast my new-born hopes! See, the pallid hue of death now brightens into health. Raise him with care, and be he to yon foremost tent conveyed, henceforth the seat of royalty.

Tha. (*Aside, whilst the Assistants are raising Mazeppa on a litter.*) Make not too sure of that. Delusion! miracle! imposture!—what it will, my hopes and high ambition are not to be o'erthrown thus by a single blow

(Music.—*Mazeppa is raised on a bier.*

Abd. (*Pointing to the Wild Horse, which still lies extended on the earth.*) That noble steed claims our assistance, too. Of mortal mould it cannot be, but the choice instrument of heaven to restore to Tartary a soverign, to a doating sire a long-ost son. (*The shepherds raise the horse.*) Ye priests and people raise aloud your voices,—implore of heaven it will not leave

its glorious work unaccomplished, but that, restored to vigour my son may bless alike his father and his people.

[*The Priests and People join in the chorous—the Khan. with a mixture of anxiety, tenderness, and exultation, watches his, son—while Thamer, with his associates, aside, evince their rage and disappointment.*

CHORUS.

Powers benignant, now look down,
A father's hopes with mercy crown;
Listen to a people's prayer,—
Bless, oh, bless our tender care!

Gracious powers, whom we adore
Our future monarch now resore;
That our triumphant shouts may raise
In songs of gratitudeand praise. (*The scene closes*

SCENE IV.—*A Tartarian Landscape, adjacent to the great Encampment, which is seen in the distance.*

MUSIC.—*Enter* THAMAR *and Warriors,* L.

Tha. In vain does yonder hoary dotard dream his new-found fondling shall defeat my purpose and enjoy the throne. Too long have we been slaves, the groveling slaves of superstition. You all have sworn to see your leader on the throne, nor can I fear the firm determination of such gallant warriors can be diverted by so poor an artifice. Will you uphold me still?

All. We will! we will!

Tha. Then am I still the sovereign of Tartary. For this poor impostor,—my dagger shall quickly remove that trival obstacle. To me the guard of the royal tent has been confided. Soon will I teach the Prophet-Khan to know that his weak delusions can never turn from his affirmed resolve the unshrinking soul of Thamar. On to our purpose, warriors. [*Exeunt,* R.

SCENE V.—*The Interior of a rude Tartar Tent, hung with characteristic arms and armour—on the flat,* R. C. *hangs a large metal Shield, used to strike signals on.*

MUSIC.—MAZEPPA *discovered sleeping on a low pallet, the Khan watching over him with intense anxiety,* L. C.—*An Officer in attendance,* L.

Abd. Let all our armed tribes, at earliest dawn, be assembled around my tent, that of the prince's first returning sense I may apprise them, and proclaim him to my people. [*Exit Officer through tent,* R. C. F.] Sleep on, my boy, and oh! may the repose which now envelopes thy faculties in death-like calm, like heaven-descended dews, revive thy energies in vigour and in health. The camp is silence all, save where the trusty sentinel paces his little round. The tent is guarded by my choicest warriors, but here thy father shall maintain his post, and, till thy slumber breaks, thy foremost safeguard be thy father's heart.

[*He lies down on a couch,* L. C., *near* MAZEPPA, *and shortly falls asleep.*

Enter THAMAR *and two Conspirators, cautiously,* R. C. F.

Tha. Thanks to the guard I chose for their protection, our entrance hither has been easy and noiseless. Fate favours our design, They sleep. Myself will strike the blow; my dagger's thirsty for the stripling's blood.

[*He approaches the couch of* MAZEPPA.

Maz. [*In his sleep.*] Off, tyrant, off! thy bonds shall not withhold me; the energies of such a soul as mine shall burst thy puny cords, and, in the power of vengeance, I shall stand terribly before thee.

Tha. He raves—he wakes—back, back: delay our purpose, till returning slumber render it secure from all alarm.

MUSIC.—THAMAR *and Conpirators retire,* R.

Maz. [*Awaking.*] Still do those cruel lashings press upon my flesh, and eat into my bone—ah! this limb is free—so are all. [*He rises and advances to front,* C.] Again I stand erect, again assume the godlike attitude of freedom and of man. Though weak and tottering, still these limbs are freed from

galling bonds, and own no tyrant's chain—where can I be? My confused ideas and broken memory serve not to recall the incidents of the past hour—something I do remember of a venerable form, that hung in pity o'er my prostrate wretchedness, and with compassion's tears did wash my wounds. [*He traverses the tent and looks out at the opening*, R. C.] The canopy of heaven, studded with glittering fires, spreads its broad expanse around; and, by their light, long avenues of tented habitations show that I am treading on the field of war—Ah! at that bless'd idea, my soul swells high, my energies are strung with new-recovered vigour, and I feel sufficent yet to conquer my own glory.—Let me observe; and lest around this friendly shelter malice should lurk, or any hostile arm. [*Seeing a shield and sword hanging up.*] Thou friendly steel, I'll borrow thy assistance.

MUSIC.—*He takes down the sword and shield, and goes out at the back of the tent*, R. C. F.—THAMAR *and the Conspirators advance from* R.

Tha. Another, and a surer plan has glanced across my mind. The Khan himself shall perish; the crime, charged on this new-found stranger, hurls him at once to irretrievable ruin, and who can then dispute the throne with Thamar?

Abd. (*Awaking.*) My boy! my child! where art thou? Misery and despair! sure, treason is abroad. (*Rises and comes forward.*) Thou here, Thamar, at this unwonted hour? The truth at once flashes upon my horror-stricken soul. Pernicious miscreant! thou hast destroyed my child.

Tha. Thy child, fond dotard! the easy dupe thou art to yonder rash impostor, proves thee unfit to reign. Think not the destiny of Tartary is thus to be surrendered to thy childishness, or yon adventurer's audacity—the chiefs of Tartary would have a warrior king! 'tis me they have selected. And, ere I snatch, somewhat too rudely, perhaps, the tottering crown that trembles on thy aged brow, wisely surrender it.

Abd. To thee, insidious monster? Never! I have now an heir to prop the drooping glories of my house; and ere I would surrender one title of his just rights, traitor, thou shouldst hew me piecemeal! Least of all would I abandon my beloved people to the ambitious fury of such a wretch as thou art.

Tha. Yet, ere our daggers drain thy aged veins of all their poor remains of life, be wise and yield—affix thy seal to this parchment, renouncing all title to the throne, and stamping him thou callest thy son, a foul impostor: this do and live—and oh! be sure thy death is but the prelude to that foundling boy's, who never shall dispute with me the crown.

Abd. Your threats I scorn. The spirit that has often led me on to victory, shall nerve me still, nor do I dread to meet a host of coward traitors, such as Thamar.

(*Snatches up a sword, and places himself in an attitude of defence,* L. C.

Tha. Thou hast pronounced thy doom. (Music.—*The Khan rushes towards the entrance of the tent, as if to strike the shield —as he does so, on a signal from Thamar, two other conspirators rush forward, meet him, and drive him back.*) Each sword that gleams around is sworn to do my bidding.

Abd. Thy king defies thee, still; I strike for my own right and for my boy's, and heaven will assist my arm.

[Music.—*Thamar and one other Conspirator rush on him, the other two guarding the entrance to the tent, and keeping the curtain down—after a short contest, the Khan is overpowered, and falls—Thamar and his confederates stand over him with uplifted weapons—during this, a sort of struggle has been perceived at the entrance of the tent, as of some one endeavouring to force their way in, which is successfully resisted by the Tartars placed there—at the moment when Thamar and the Conspirators are on the point of striking their weapons to the heart of the Khan, the tent is slit up in another place by a sword, and Mazeppa darts through the opening with his sword and shield, and stands in a protecting attitude over the prostrate Khan.*

Maz. Cowards and villians! the guarb of Tartar warriors, and two of you against an aged feeble man! he, too, whose kindness rescued me from death, and soothed my sufferings.

Music.—*The four conspirators now furiously attack the Khan and Mazeppa—in the course of the conflict several interesting pictures are formed by the mutual efforts of father and son to save each other—they overpower the conspirators.*

Tha. Yet do I laugh thy power to scorn, for hundreds now without await but my nod to shed their life blood in my cause.

Abd. Millions will strike in mine. [*Strikes the shield with his*

sword—the curtains of the tent are drawn up, and the whole Tartar army is discovered in battle array.) Tartars, behold the the traitor who has sought your soverign's life. (*A party of Guards seize Thamar and his confederates.*) Away with them to punishment. (*They are taken back.*) And now, young hero, in the aged man you have preserved, embrace and own a fond, a doating father.

Maz. A father! ha! does that sacred sound, like heaven-descending dews, speak comfort to my heart!

(*Embraces the Khan.*

Abd. No longer must the glad, the important task be now delayed. Assembled Tartars, priests, warriors, people—behold and mark me: in this brave youth, who has even now saved your sovereign's life, know and revere Mazeppa, my long-lost only son, your soverign prince—hail my boy, Mazeppa, King of Tartary.

(*All kneel before Mazeppa—general shout.—Music.—Mazeppa is conducted off,* L.—*the curtains of the tent fall—the Khan motions his officers to assemble the people—they go out in various directions—the elders bring him his shield and staff of office.—Exeunt Abder Khan and Attendants, exultingly,* L.

SCENE VI.—*Extensive Tartar Encampment.*

MUSIC.—*The whole Tartar army, with their Chiefs, assembled.*

Enter the KHAN, L., *leading on* MAZEPPA, *to* C.—*the People kneel and receive him with acclamations.*

Maz. (*Whose suprise has been momentary increasing.*) I King of Tartary! where am I?—what has happened!—After a doom beyond expression awful—bound to a wild horse—whirled o'er torrents, deserts, precipices—on all sides, danger and destruction—I ceased to feel.—Have I then passed the realm of death? and do I wake to new life and other being? I find myself free, beneath a strange sky, a prostrate people hailing me their king—say, say, do I dream—do I still exist!

Abd. (L. C.) Heaven has restored thee to thy native land, and to the throne which thou wast born to fill. Reign o'er

thy land, which welcomes thee, Mazeppa; be powerful, and be happy.

Maz. (c.) Happy! I happy without my loved Olinska, never, ah! never.—I renounce glory Olinska shares not. If it indeed be true that heaven, by some unwonted miracle, has brought me back to my native land, amid my brethren—that it has called me to rule o'er them, too, I but accept the sovereign sway to right their wrongs and mine—to retrieve the honor of the nation, wrecked on the fields of Poland—to hurl swift vengeance on our foes, and rescue my dear Olinska.

Abd. If thy love be worthy of your love, then head our tribes and tear her from thy rival—a long arrear of vengeance does my soul count against Polish foes; and to the dread amount, how awful an increase thy wrongs, my child, inspire. For thee and for thy cause again I'll strike; this aged arm shall bear the warrior's steel, and perhaps I yet may fall in shielding thee.

Maz. Thou shalt behold and share my joyous triumph—I fight for my Olinska and my love.

Abd. I, for my much-loved child and my revenge. Behold the steed, fated by heaven to bring you to your native land and throne, again awaits you; he bore you to my arms—let him now bear you to your triumph.

Maz. He was the instrument of torture,—let him now be the messenger of vengeance. On to the Polish frontier; I cannot know repose whilst my Olinska's fate's uncertain—I can feel no glory till from a rival's power I've conquered her.

Abd. Then, with to-morrow's dawn the march begins. Drive all our cattle within the lines—be every soldier ready at his post; for ere two suns have set behind those Polish mountains, our force shall beneath the tyrant's wall make him to tremble in his strong hold of power, and rue the day he injured child of mine—

Away! away!
Eager we seek the foe at dawn of day.

(Music.—*A superbly caparisoned steed has been led on for Mazeppa, another for the Khan—they mount—a general parade and movement of the army takes place, on which the drop falls.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Gothic Chamber in the Castle of the Castellan, in Poland.*

MUSIC.—OLINSKA *discovered, pale and dejected, seated at a rich toilet, attended by a female.*

Oli. Bid my nurse come to me. [*Exit Attendant,* L.] The victim's adorned not for the altar, but the tomb. [*Rises and advances.*] This day is the last whose light will shine on the poor Olinska. [*She approaches the toilet and moves a little casket, concealed beneath the drapery, opens it, and takes out a portrait, on which she gazes with the liveliest emotion*] Cassimir, my beloved—murdered—mangled, can I, ought I to survive thy horrid death? [*Takes from the casket a dagger, which she pushes from her with a shudder.*] Oh, my father! oh, my father! your threaten'd curse!—Father, I have given you my oath to be the bride of Premislas; my oath shall not be broken—the honour of our house exacts the sacrifice. [*Takes the dagger and hides it in her dress.*] One awful means is left of obedience and fidelity—yes, this night, this very night, restores me to my lover, in the tomb. [*Placing her hand upon the dagger.*

Enter AGATHA, L.

Aga. See, lady, where your father comes.

Olin. Quickly conceal that packet, and wonder, nurse, at thy Olinska's fortitude—her apathy; that she who loved and as I did Cassimir, can yield obedience to his ruthless murderer—can yield my hand unto his haughty rival.

MUSIC.—*Enter the* CASTELLAN, L.—AGATHA *conceals the casket.*

Cast. Olinska, your imprudence might have caused the ruin of your father; but Count Premislas, restored to life, has deemed the act of Cassimir merely a presumptuous vassal's crime, without your sanction. But the pretender has been punished. And now, Olinska, I trust I may confide in your entire submission.

Olin. Implicitly.

Cast. That pledge disarms my wrath—my child, the past is all forgiven, forgotten—come to thy father's arms, who now can call thee once again his daughter.

(*As she is dropping on her knees, he catches her to his bosom.*

Olin. Father!

Cast. My child, my dearest child, may heaven's peace attend thee.

Olin. May thy prayer be heard, my father: ere long, thy child will cease to suffer. (*Trumpets heard without,* L.

Cast. Hark thee, my child; yon trumpets speak the bridegroom ready, the cortége prepared. Throughout my castle's precincts, this day all wears one universal face of joy.

Olin. (c.) All except one—that one whose feelings lie too deep for utterance. My father, once again extend thy arm in blessing o'er thy child. I leave thee, my sole parent, perhaps forever—oh! in the journey I'm about to take, gloomy and dark it may be, let me receive the sacred consolation that a father's blessing shall attend his child.

Cast. Heaven for ever bless thee, sweet Olinska! Come, come, my child, away with thoughts of gloom; share thou the triumph which on every side courts thy acceptance.

Olin. Father, again thou bless'd me; I can bear it all.

[Music.—*They embrace and exeunt,* Olinska, R., Cast., L.

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Castle of Laurinski.*

Music.—*Enter* Drolinsko, L.

Dro. I am clean an altered man. I feel myself already puffed up and swelling with my new dignity, even as I hope ere long my body shall be stuffed and swelled with the perquisites of office. I was a huntsman—I am a cook.—I'll never look another live head of game in the face again—I'll commit no murder on hares, pheasants, bears, stags, and partridges more.—No; I'll leave off executioner, and be a kind of an undertaker—that is, I'll dress them up in a proper manner to be sent to their graves, the throats of gormandizers.

Enter Zemila, L.

Zem. Ah! Mr. Drolinska, you look quite a different person from what you used to be.

Dro. And I am a different person, too, Mrs. Zemila: know that I am placed at the head of the victualing department—that I am chief officer of the mouth, and general purveyor for the belly—I've got you all under my thumb, now; only look as I would not have you, and I clap you all on short allowance—offend me, and the soup's all turned over—insult my dignity, and all the fat's in the fire. I shall astonish you all.

Zem. No absurdity that you can commit can possibly astonish me.

Dro. Oh! I'm a clever fellow at noseing out a good thing. There was I, early this morning, wandering out into the wood beyond the castle, my teeming brain on fire with the grand devices which this day shall produce—what should I meet with, but a groop of wandering Tartars; I've engaged them to come to the festival—what do you think of that, now?

Zem. Why, that my lord will break your head, and have you kicked out of the place—you know he hates the very name of Tartar.

Dro. These are jovial fellows, innocent as lambs; for a mouthful of broken victuals they'll dance such dances, and show us such singular manœuvres and evolutions—I mean it to be the principal feature of the whole festival. And now what do you think of me in my new robe of office?

Zem. Why, I've heard that fine feathers make fine birds; but, my poor Drolinsko, though decked out with all the plumage of the peacock, you can't prevent us from finding out that you are but a sorry jackdaw.

Dro. Well, miss, at any rate, you're a pretty good resemblance of a magpie.—Come, I think that was'nt so much amiss of me—she'll find that it's awkward playing with edged tools.

Zem. Edged tools, indeed!—tool thou art, my poor fellow, to any one who thinks it worth while to handle thee but as to edge—bless thy harmlessness—thy wit, Drolinsko, is quite as blunt as thy manners.—but I must away, to attend my lady's toilet, and prepare her for the ceremony—but now, my good Drolinsko, let me beg of thee one thing?

Dro. Any thing in life, lovely Mrs. Zemila: is it that I shall reserve a good place for you to see the sports?

Zem. No: 'tis simply this, Drolinsko, that thou wilt not, if thou canst help it, make thyself so monstrously ridiculous as to occasion me to die with laughing. [*Exit*, L.

Dro. That young woman has some good points about her, but she is marvellously deficient in politeness.

MUSIC.—*Enter* ABDER KHAN, MAZEPPA, *and a* TARTAR CHIEF, *in close disguise as Tartar peasants,* L.

Dro. Well, now you've filled your bellies, I hope it has relieved your imaginations.

Maz. Trust us sir, we do not need excitement.

Dro. Well, now, I suppose you've made up your minds to do something a little out of the way on this occasion?

Abd. Be sure, we shall astonish you.

Dro. Well, so do, I like to be astonished; and on this occasion I wish every thing to be new and uncommon.

Maz. You shall witness one of the strangest sights that has for many a long day regaled your curiosity.

Dro. I should like the very walls to caper.

Chief. Caper! they shall fly.

Dro. Come, come, none of your nonsense now, you are going too far—I'm not so soft as all that comes to.

Abd. 'Tis necessary you should furnish me with the key of the great gates—my two comrades here I leave with you—I will hasten to rejoin the rest—hold ourselves in readiness, adjacent to the castle, and on your signal rush forward to effect the grand tableau.

Dro. I'll go and fetch you the key; you're a jolly old blade, you are, too—no chicken—but there seems stuff in you yet. I'll be with you again in the spitting of a partrige. *Exit,* R.

Maz. (c.) Haste thou to our bands, good father—marshal them in yonder forest, and when I give the signal, let them, like a mountain torrent, rush, o'erwhelming all resistance, to the aid of those that are within. I will be on the spot; and, at the moment when the perjured fair would offer her unhallowed vows upon the sacred altar, my steel shall drink the life-blood of them both, and their mingled gore proclaim the vengeance of my outraged love. (MUSIC *heard without.*) See, see, where the traitress comes—down, down, struggling spirit—the moment of thy triumph is not yet arived.

Enter DROLINSKO, R.

Dro. Back, fellows, back—see where the bride approaches.

MUSIC.—*Enter* OLINSKA, *attended by* AGATHA, *preceded by* RUDZOLOFF, *and followed by Attendants*, R.

Aga. (R. C.) Cheerly, cheerly, lady; this is not the countenance you should exhibit on your bridal morn.

Olin. (C.) It well befits a bridal such as mine; my hopes are buried in another's tomb—soon, soon may I go seek him there.

Aga. But this dejection scarce fulfils your promise to your father—all was to be submission.

Olin. It is submission, nurse—submission I have learned by trampling on every feeling of my heart. I shall obey my father—let him not require more than I can perform.

Dro. [*Approaching Olinska.*] Lord love your beautiful ladyship, you'll be delighted when you see the preparations for the fête, solely contrived by me, Drolinsko. Why, it's worth while being married, if only to see such a tasty set-out—you'll be half inclined to love me for the cultivated fancy I have displayed.

Rud. (L. C.) Who are those strangers?

Dro. Ah! that's another of my contrivances, that you'd never suspect, godfather. Those, why those, bless you, are wandering Tartars, introduced by me.

Rud. Tartars! introduce Tartars here! why, it's more than your head's worth—let but the Castellan know it.

Dro. Ay, it's plain to see you're a fellow of no pith and enterprise. He may think what he likes about Tartars, but if these fellows don't caper him into good-humour, he's a sulkier dog than I take him for.

Lud. Doubt not that we will overcome all his displeasure.

Maz. [*Approaching Olinska,* C.] Deign you, fair lady, to cast an eye of approbation and encouragement.

[*He is close to her—she turns to look at him—he throws aside part of his disguise, so that she recognizes him.*

Olin. [*With a scream of astonishment.*] Cassimer! [*All start. surprised—he hastily resumes his disguise and Olinska by a great effort. an appearance of composure.*] Cassimer, some time a page of this household, was a countryman of yours I believe.

Maz. Belike, fair lady, I do bethink me of a tale of a poor Tartar lad, bred up in polish climes, who rashly loved a noble lady—'twas a fault in him, but oh! who ever looked upon that fair one's beauty and her worth, must have forgiven him,

knowing that to see and not to love was sarcely possible Her father found it in him a crime not to be pardoned, and sentenced him to a most cruel death.

Olin. [*Muttering.*] It was, indeed, most horrible.

Maz. By a miracle he was saved, and like the Polar needle, true to his first affection, back he rushed, impatient still to lay his homage at the adored one's feet. But, oh! death-blow to his hopes! torture more cruel than all before he'd suffered, he found her perjured, faithless, voluntarily about to give her hand unto another.

Olin. Ah! had he known her tears, her anguish, the silent calm despair with which, unable to resist, she yielded to her parent's harsh commands, enforced under the penalty of his awful curse—how like a victim to the sacrifice she did approach the alter,—he would not, could not, dare not, to condemn her.

Maz. Had she, then, no remedy to save herself from such accursed pollution?

Olin. Yes, and a noble one: which, rather than betray her first fond vows, she's resolute to clutch at——

[*Draws a dagger from her bosom, and shows it to* MAZEPPA.

Maz. [*With a burst of triumph.*] Ha! she was a heroine worthy a soverign's love.

[*The attention of the bystanders is excited*—MAZEPPA *and* OLINSKA *are compelled to control their feelings.*

Dro. Zounds! this Tartar gipsy has contrived to astonish my lady already.

Abd. The tales of our country have a wild and wondrous force, well calculated to awaken the feelings thus.

Rud. Your pardon, lady,—had we not better on?

Olin. I attend you, Rudzoloff.

Maz. (*Aside to* OLINSKA.) Doubt not, fair lady, all shall be accomplished: your smallest wish most scrupulously obeyed.

(MUSIC.—*Exit* OLINSKA, *preceded by* RUDZOLOFF, *and supported by* AGATHA, L., *exchanging significant glances with* MAZEPPA.

Dro. Now, mind, you fellows, be at your posts.

Maz. The dearest feelings of our hearts are pledged to be so. (*Exit* DROLINSKO, L.) Ah, father, what a weight's removed from off my heart: Olinska yet is mine—your son shall yet be happy.

Abd. He shall, he shall!—Oh, to attain that end, how joyfully thy father would shed his latest crimson drop——

(*They embrace and exeunt,* ABDER KHAN R., MAZEPPA L.

SCENE III.—*The Gardens of Laurinski, closed in the back by terraces, the last of which is entered,* L. *through a spacious gate of golden bars—its other end communicates with a wood—the whole extent is bounded on the* L. *by the buildings of the Castle—from the topmost terrace, near the great gate, a spacious flight of steps,* L. *which leads down to the stage.*

MUSIC.—*Enter* MAZEPPA, L.—*he advances cautiously, ascends the steps, and beckons on Abder Khan, who advances from the building,* L. U. E.

Maz. Now, honored father, how speeds the glorious work?

Abd. Even as should the deed on which depends thy happiness. Our troops are all at hand, and eager for the attack. Yes, my son, thy triumh is assured—here, on the haughty despot's battlements he shall surrender thee thy love, or thou shalt tear her from his arms, amidst their blackened ruins.

Maz. All is prepared for the ceremony—I will be on the spot. Do thou, with our bands, at the signal, like the wirlwind,s blast, sweep opposition into dust. (*The music of the procession is heard.*) They come, they come!—Oh, father! on this hour, on which my more than life depends, my anxious soul, fluttering within my breast, almost denies me utterance, and eager expectation swells my heart to bursting.

Abd. Thy father and thy people shall not fail thee;—
But whether weal or woe attend our plan,
Thou'rt a soverign.—show, too, thou art a man.

MUSIC.—*Abder Khan retires up the steps and along the terrace,* R. *6th* E.—*the nuptial procession advances from the building,* L., *through the great gate and down the steps—it is composed of the entire household of the Castellan, headed by Drolinsko—Rudzoloff immediately precedes Olinska, who is led by the Castellan and Premislas, and followed by Agatha—they come down,* C.—*the Guards banners &c, countermarch, and form on the* R. *side and on the terraces*

—the nuptial party sit on a throne, L., *surrounded by their Attendants—on a signal from Drolinsko, a tribe of Tartar Youths and Maidens appear on the upper terrace and descends the staircase,* L.

MILITARY CHARACTERISTIC BALLET,

[*At the conclusion of the ballet, a small altar is placed on the lower terrace,* C.—*the Priest advances from* 3*rd* E. L. *to* C. —*Olinska, led by Premislas and the Castellan, approaches the altar—the Priest commences the ceremony, when Mazeppa still disguised, appears suddenly on the terrace, and thrusts the Priest aside.*

Maz. (C.) Hold! I forbid such sacrilegious vows! they are offensive in the sight of heaven. This maid, in heart and spirit, and by long previous vows, breathed from the very bottom of her soul, is mine; and any other union, by tyranny accomplished, is perjury, pollution.

[*Castellan, Olinska, and Premislas, are all* C.

Cast. What insolent intruder dares thus to break, with barbarous scoffings, on our solemnity?

Maz. (C.) One whom thou shouldst remember. Tyrant, behold thy victim. [*Throws off his disguise.*

All. Cassimir!

Maz. Cassimir, Mazeppa, one—thy vengeful tyranny but doomed me to my glory; the wild horse bore me to the throne of Tartary: and now, Mazeppa, King of Tartary, proudly returns to claim his early love.

Cast. (R. C.) Impostor! barbarian! traitor! wert thou the king of half the eastern world, the scorn in which I hold thee were not lessened. Bear him away! a death more certain this time punishes his presumption.

[Music.—*Some of the household advance to seize Cassimir—the Tartar Youths and Maidens form a rampart in front of him, and the Khan, followed by Tartar Soldiery, who occupy the upper terrace, appears at the head of the staircase.*

Abd Stay, monsters! stay your uplifted hands!—Let but one hair of his head be injured, and your castle quickly is a heap of ruins, soaked in your blood, for every soul shall perish. Your castle is invested—on every tower, buttress, and pinnacle, clings a Tartar, awating but my word, when havoc is let

loose, and fierce destruction ravages half Poland. Speak but one word, and let Olinska be the pledge of peace.

Pre. [*Advancing from* L. *to* C.] I will not wait to hear the Castellan's answer—Olinska is my bride—in sight of heaven, my wife; my troops now man these walls, and to my last red drop I will defend her.

Maz. Then be revenge and slaughter our word! and let devastated Poland speak Mazeppa mounted to the throne of Tartary.

[*The Polish troops in the garden fire at the Tartars on the terraces—the latter charge down the steps—a general conflict ensues—a charge of Tartar cavalry is made along the upper terrace—they are met by the Poles, issuing from the principal portal—the attendants endeavour to force Olinska through the tumult into the castle—the cavalry appear in front, and after skirmishing off on both sides, a charge in line, from* L. *to* R., *is executed by the Tartars—the front then becomes occupied by pairs of combatants—Abder Khan is on the point of cutting down the Castellan, when Olinska rushes in and interposes—she is followed by Mazeppa, to whom the Castellan resigns her, which is the pledge of peace —Premislas has been meantime overcome by a Tartar warrior, and the Poles altogether vanquished—Abder Khan, Mezeppa, the Castellan, and Olinska hasten to mount the steps, to stop the slaughter, and on the top form a group—the females line the terraces—subdued Poles and triumphant Tartars fill the scene, which is lighted by the conflagration of the forest—and on the general picture the curtain falls.*

THE END

Just Published, and for sale by

C. Robinson, 59 Canal Street,

TURNER's ACTING EDITIONS:

THE WIFE,

Or, THE FATHER'S GRAVE.

A PLAY, BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

THE HUNCHBACK,

WILLIAM TELL, & VIRGINIUS.

GRETNA GREEN.

THE TWO THOMPSONS.

FRANCIS THE FIRST,

A TRAGEDY,

By MISS FANNY ANN KEMBLE.

AMBROSE GWINETT;

Or, A SEA SIDE STORY, *by the Author of*

THE RENT DAY.

THE ELEPHANT OF SIAM,

This Piece abounds in incident and humor, and is very superior to any Drama published within the last Twenty Years.

THE SPOILED CHILD.

THE TWO GREGORIES.

THE RED ROVER,

Dramatised from Cooper's celebrated Novel.

DAMON & PYTHIAS,

A FARCE.

THE GAMESTER.

JANE SHORE.

FORTUNES' FROLIC.

DOUGLAS,

RICHARD THE THIRD,

With Cibber's Notes, and the whole of the Stage Business.

ALONZO & IMOGINE.

TOUCH AND TAKE.

GREENEYED MONSTER.

BOMBASTES FURIOSO.

PIZARRO.

OTHELLO.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

HOW TO DIE FOR LOVE.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

0 014 525 910 1